

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

OH MOTHER

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AGUILERA, BRUNO COULAIS,
CHRISTOPHE BARRATIER and KARA DioGUARDI

Moderately slow

mp *With pedal*

1 *F#m* *G#7* 2 *F#m* *G#7* *C#m* *A*

She was so — young, — with such in - no - cent eyes. —

— She al - ways — dreamt — of a fair - y - tale life —

— and all the — things — that your mon - ey can't buy. —

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F#m G#7 C#m A

and she thought — that — he was a won - der - ful guy. —

F#m G#7 C#m A

Then sud - den - ly, things seemed to change; —

F#m G#7 C#m A

it was the — mo - ment she took on his name. —

F#m G#7 C#m A F#m G#7

He took his — an - ger — out on her face, — and she kept —






all of her pain — locked a — way.






Oh Moth — er, we're strong — er for all — of the tears you have shed.






Oh Moth — er, don't look — back, 'cause he'll — nev — er hurt us a — gain.






So Moth — er, I thank — you for all — that you've done and still do.

This musical score is for page 50 of a song. It is written in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The score consists of seven systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. Chords are indicated by guitar chord diagrams above the vocal line. The lyrics are: "You got me, I got you; to- geth - er, we al - ways pull through. — We al-ways pull through; — we al-ways pull through. (Oh Moth - er, oh Moth - er, oh Moth - er.) It was the — day — that he turned on the kids — that she — knew — she just had to leave him. — So man-y —". The score ends with a "To Coda" instruction and a Coda symbol.

Chords: C#m, A, F#m, G#7, C#m, A/C#, F#m, G#7, C#m, A/C#, F#m, G#7, C#m, A, F#m, G#7, C#m, A, F#m, G#7.

Lyrics: You got — me, I got — you; to - geth - er, we al - ways pull through. — We al-ways pull through; — we al-ways pull through. (Oh Moth - er, oh Moth - er, oh Moth - er.) It was the — day — that he turned on the kids — that she — knew — she just had to leave him. — So man-y —

To Coda

C#m A F#m G#7
 — voice — es in — side of her head — say — in'

C#m A F#m G#7
 o — ver and o — ver and o — ver, "You de — serve much more than this." She — was —

C#m A F#m G#7
 — so sick of be — liev — in' the lies — and try — in' to hide; (cov — er — in' the cuts and bruis — es.)

C#m A F#m G#7 D.S. al Coda
 So tired of de — fend — ing her life; — she could have died fight — ing for the lives of her chil — dren.

CODA

C#m A/C# F#m G#7

(Oh Moth - er, oh Moth - er, oh Moth - er.)

F#m F#dim7 G#7b9

All of your life you have spent bur - y - ing hurt and re - gret, but

C#m C#m/B B/A A E/G#

Ma - ma, he'll nev - er touch us a - gain, -

F#m D

For ev - 'ry time he tried to break you down, just re - mem - ber who's - still a - round. It's

C#m A F#m G#7
 You got — me, I got — you; to - geth - er, we al - ways pull through.) —

C#m A F#m7 G#7
 Al - ways pull — through, — yeah. — We al - ways pull — through, —

C#m A F#m7 G#7
 yeah. — I love you, Mom.